

## OZ

SEND ONE TO A BANTU

Daily Telegraph

LONDON, ENGLAND

Box 4028, G.P.O. 105 Castleborough St.  
TODAY'S THOUGHT: Faith that stands on authority  
is not faith.**A crime that  
has shocked  
the world**

**T**HE senseless killing of the South African Prime Minister, Dr. Verwoerd, has shocked and sickened the whole world.

Apart from the natural revulsion which the crime has caused, most people with a sense of decency will feel a similar distaste for those authorities who are apparently eager to make political capital out of murder.

Dr. Verwoerd was a man of great strength, who believed that his country should be kept for the white people who made it.

It is easy for armchair critics to deplore spartan.

How would Australia's white inhabitants feel if they were outnumbered by aborigines and it was suggested that control of the country should pass to the aborigines merely because there were more of them?

**Survival**

The white people of South Africa and of Rhodesia are facing a problem of survival.

They built their countries, they brought decent conditions and work to their native populations. And it must be remembered that the bulk of the natives in both countries were not indigenous to the area, but migrated from other parts of Africa because conditions were better in Rhodesia and South Africa.

It was only to be expected that the various leaders of black Africa would try to make political profit out of Dr. Verwoerd's assassination.

South Africa and Rhodesia are fighting for their existence and for their independence.

Surely the fact that the people taking this stand are white does not debar them from fighting for their rights?



**THE  
GREAT LEAP  
VERWOERD**

STUPID I'D NEVER  
HAD THE GUTS TO FRONT A  
SHEILA LIKE SHEILA IF I DON'T  
HIRE THIS EXTRA GROUSE  
PENGUIN CLOBBER FROM  
**FORMAL WEAR**  
147 & KING ST. SYDNEY  
32-4745

STUPID I'D NEVER  
HAD THE NERVE TO GO  
OLD TIME DANCING WITH  
A TRENDY FASHION PLATE  
LIKE BAZZA M'KENZIE  
IF I HADN'T HURED THIS SUPER  
POWNY FROM **FORMAL**  
**WEAR** 26-28 MARKET  
LANE, MELLBOURNE  
32-4745



# IT COULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED TO A NIGER GUY

Dr Hendrik Verwoerd was one of Nature's gentlemen. At least that is the opinion of Bob Menzies and for almost twenty years Bob was the best judge of such matters that this country could find.

He and his lady wife knew Hendrik and Betsy Verwoerd well. Bob found them a superior kind of Boer — of which he was somewhat of a connoisseur.

They had similar interests. Bob disliked smut, Verwoerd disliked smuts. They both liked the sounds of their own voices so much that they never quite realised that they were sounding off against different targets.

When Verwoerd got it in the neck, Bob was asked for his impressions. He deftly put the matter right into historical perspective with his description of it as "one of the most shocking things in history".

There are not very many people who would go so far as to put this assassination amongst their Top Ten most shocking things in history, or even their Top One Hundred. Bob obviously finds it more shocking than, say, the assassination of Jack Kennedy or Nigeria's Sir Abubakar for the attempt on Arthur Calveilli, or the murder of 250,000 Indonesian Communists or of six million Jews by one of Hendrik's heroes, Hitler, or the massacre of 67 Bantus under the orders of Dr Verwoerd's very own police force.

Christians aren't actually incapable of wrong-doing but at least they bring to sin an enormous sense of remission. One of Verwoerd's most quotable quotes is "I never have the nagging doubt that perhaps I am wrong" and it is common knowledge that he believed he was guided by Divine Providence and spared from death by Divine Intervention.

On September 7 God took His annual holidays and Dimitri Stefanidis took the plunge.

Everyone agrees Dimitri's mother was Portuguese and someone thought his father may have been Greek. This has put the South African Greek community in a bit of a flap and there's an expatriate Greek gentleman flying hither and thither in ever-diminishing circles up around Pretoria, busily looking

up tables of genealogy in an attempt to prove that Dimitri's smouldering good looks are more of an Egyptian tan than a Greek olive.

South Africa is one of those happy-go-lucky places where such questions are of more than mere academic interest. One African woman confided to a reporter: "Thank God it wasn't one of our people who did it."

But, of course, she may yet be proved wrong and some now say Dimitri is neither Greek nor Egyptian but part-African, though how an off-white could possibly have the wit to be able to speak eight languages, to quote passages from the Bible and to worm his way into Parliamentary employment, only God and Dr Verwoerd could know.

Of course, Hendrik's Bible tells him that the darkies are doomed as "heavens of wood", perhaps Dimitri temporarily mistook him for an upturned log.

The critical notices offered on the event have ranged from Menzies' sombre sobriety through the ambiguous and non-committal to the downright distasteful with Nigerons deliciously cowering in the streets.

A burly white Johannesburg bus conductor told the *London Daily Telegraph*: "They have killed our Prime Minister. Now I hope that Justice Minister, Mr Vorster, takes over and shoots the communists, the liberals — all of them."

Dr Vorster's election to the Prime Ministership was hailed all around the world. By way of exploration it should be mentioned that Vorster is a self-proclaimed Nazi who had to be imprisoned during World War II. As a former member of the Nationalist Ossewa Brandy Movement he once declared: "We stand for Christian Nationalism which is an ally of National Socialism (Nazism)."

But then so was Verwoerd, who used his editorship of *Die Tressvelder* to campaign successfully for a quota to limit the number of Jews granted South African asylum after fleeing from Hitler's regime. He also printed a draft constitution to be implemented when the Allies finally bowed to Hitler.

Vorster is described as an "iron man", who believes in apartheid (apartness) and basiskop (complete white domination). It is believed he will give the Bantus the dreaded sheetschnitt.

In a word, Verwoerd is dead but there's Vorster come.

The most discreet epitaph to Hendrik came from the deputy chairman of the new Ghanaian government, who said: "Dr Verwoerd was a human being. I am sorry he is dead."

Perhaps there is some exaggeration in calling "human" a man who could stand by and watch his Sharpeville police massacre 67 with such studied detachment that he complimented them afterwards on their marksmanship. But no doubt such hyperbole is justified by the shocking mode of death of such an utterly nice guy.





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**SEND ONE TO  
AN ALE**

**editors:** Richard Welsh, Dean  
Letcher

**production:** Neil Burley

**artists:** John Allen, Mike Gleesman,

Garry Sheed, Peter Fisher

Martin Sharp, Peter Kingston

**foreign agents:** Richard Neville,  
Martin Sharp

**advertising:** Mike Yo

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4 OZ, October, 1966

**DAY BY DREARY DAY**

**AUGUST 15:** The Chinese Communist Party's plenary issued a communique in which it accused the Russian leadership of, inter alia, "sneaking" on Communism. We thought Moscow had reached the nadir of respect, in Chinese eyes, months ago but apparently only now has it reached the apex of imperfection.

**AUGUST 16:** The Budget Speech.

The Budget is really a hilarious act because none of the MP's understanding one word of the Speech until they read the financial columns in the morning press or

make the necessarily laborious analysis themselves. Yet the Government brays and the Opposition jeers all in deadly earnest and at the end Harold gets up and ceremoniously pats McMahon on the back just the way Bob used to do to him back in the apprenticeship days.

The hilarity was climaxed by Gough Whitlam asking "Is this his first delivery?" at which Billy the Gunter looked across at the by now grossly expectant Super-Sonia, who was sitting in the gallery. She blushed but smiled back encouragingly.

Perhaps she was still hoping her Bill would increase Child Endowments. That seemed her last chance of his putting a bit of value back into his pound.

## Feeling Oedipal

**OBNOXIOUS or 'OSTILE?**

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**REMEMBER**

8 PPS A



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**SEPTEMBER 1:** Captain Sam Benson, Victoria MP, was mostly put on the back by the ALP when he refused to resign from the Defend Australia Committee. He doesn't deny rumours that he will stand as an Independent at the November elections. Here's one captain not planning on going down with his ship.

**SEPTEMBER 3:** Photogenic public model Louise Baker insured herself with Lloyds of London against pregnancy. Photos indicate slight risk and she copily admitted to being a virgin at every opportunity. However, she is worried that one day she may not be given the opportunity. "You never know," she said wistfully. "I could be taken by force."

Here's a promising opening for an up-and-coming young rapist. All the foe of the hill — and a half-share payoff as Workers' Compensation.

September 5: At last Martin Gidley, The Australian's harem for pederasts was and peering men, has found a writer. From London came a happy place on Harold the Unkissed.

Harold's arrival in London, it ran, showed his mastery of the Diplomatic Corp known as the Unkissed Arrival. Nothing so vulgar as a Cabinet Minister waiting on the tarmac, a motor-like event planned by TV crews or Victoria stouping around outside Cannon for our Harold. Obviously sleeping his missing directive, everyone entered into the spirit of the new technique.

So confounding was his campaign that the second morning went Unkissed in no fewer than 10 of Britain's 12 national newspapers.

Of the two ministers not to jump on the bandwagon, only the Daily Express really got busy. Under the easy headline "Help Arthur", it passed a whole inch on its front page. At least the other, London's Ironpelt Times, had the decency to bury at attention on page six.

Nothing else all is quite so pure as a socialist chav-kissed anti-sleeping break. The last one to try it at the Conference was Nkrumah and, towards Martin's man, we all know what happened to him.

**September 11:** Former Indonesian Central Bank Minister Yusuf Minda Dalam — it means "Joseph Young Inside", confided one report — was sentenced to death for embezzlement, subversion and treason. As well as these man-sized activities he indulged six wives and scores of mistresses.

In public, Dalam was one of Sukarno's Nationalists; in private life he was more of a popular front.

**SEPTEMBER 12:** Mr. Halthazard Varner — now South African "Iron man" — laid down what may be called, in South Africa at least, his gully.

"What do I believe in?" he asked rhetorically. "I believe in the Nationalist Party and its principles and the full implementation of them in every respect, whatever the consequences."

Obviously the ill wind of change blew nobody any good.



**SEPTEMBER 15:** The Anglican Church was in five upheavals over proposed changes to the Lord's Prayer and its forms of service. Everyone, from Mrs. Jones of Merrickville to "Innocent" of Prague, objected to the re-vamping. What can we expect next: "The Lord is my power" and "Oward Christian Naithor"?



**SEPTEMBER 15:** "C'est magnifique!" said De Gaulle as he watched his latest atom test. According to reports, he donned a boiler suit and flash goggles for the big event but lovers of the bizarre have been denied the sight by the General's coy refusal to release any photos.

That's probably because they are all to be used for his first feature film — "Etrichisme Mon Amour".



## Letters

Sir: The departure of Richard Neville and Martin Sharp for portmanteau America was cause for sorrow among the diet writers, including myself, who "like" reading satire. The steadily ailing powers of a magazine which had once been an *intra-dining* social calendar, a persecuted censor-mongled entity, which has now become a popular "satirical" add to those powers, let the dieters! There was, after all, a similar co-existence with "Feline Eye", of which Kenneth Tynan aptly remarked that he wished these reprehensible would develop a point of view.

For some months now we have had to put up with a facile outrage or political act through the auspices of a column known as "Mr. Caldwell's Diary". The advent of Welsh and Lander has provided an opportunity for the jettisoning of the most unfunny regular feature it has ever been my endurance to read.

But, in the last issue, Messrs. Welsh and Lander have reached an all-time low in trying to squeeze some humour out of the attempt at Caldwell's life. Perhaps had that

attempt succeeded, they could have had some funny *synopsis* words printed and circulated these amongst the ALP and the Caldwell family. I cannot imagine anything more hilarious than a *synopsis* designed by Gerry Sheed turning up at the funeral!

The truth is that Caldwell has so little intrinsically funny about him that he has the "satirists" searching — he lacks the Ming eyebrow, the third and clove-clove, the Holt squiggle and Zoro, the Johnson Texas sunflower manner and the Ed Clark square nose-squint. Two things OZ has, in its wisdom, managed to depict up, in jarring skin the hat and Mr. Caldwell's eye.

Since the fall of Ming, OZ has really nobody else to turn to in pressing home its youthfulness-indebtor (I'm younger than the adorns in case you're wondering) one can not call Gough or Harold really old yet, so let's take a look at Arthur! Not out the coffin! In fifty years' time there is going to be one thing a helluva lot funnier than ageing politicians, that is, ageing satirists.

As an eye-witness to the shooting, I may be a little bit close to the truth to find some of the July OZ other than feeble and revelling (and I would say the same of the cover). The two pages on Vietnam show what OZ see do, and, as a supporter of

OZ in its legal struggle and a buyer of every available issue, I close a right to shelve it as well as to praise.

How can a line such as "I'll have a lovely bunch of Koon-utts", applied to such a mild person as Arthur Caldwell, possibly make valid satire, which must always have at least some basis in truth, open from the dreariness of the pun. But it seems that everything goes in that dreary regular column "Mr. Caldwell's Diary", a heavy, painful joke that seems to have been going on for longer than Mr. Caldwell himself!

What I suggest that Ed Clark is not the only one responsible for some ill-willed chestnuts.

John Edwards,

Chaffin Ave.,

Farm Point, N.J.W.

Sir,

As this ("Annual Lovest" Paper"), proceeds me, I didn't realize why present-day dog shit was so gross until I read the explanation in your mag. Here I was the other day, having buckets of water over a great pile just outside my wife's front house, and I can't remember what I was I knew the answer. And this leads to all sorts of thoughts, and it just makes you realize what a complicated society we live in.

Our native house sustains the greyhounds, greyhound dog farms, the breeders, flies keep the pole virus going, the fear of polio keeps the laboratories working overtime, and they in turn provide a handsome income for Indians, who find hunting monkeys more profitable than working in banks and offices.

I don't see now why Mr. Wells has turned a blind eye to the greyhound farmers who bleed their dogs with live animals. After all, they won't nose unless they are bled. And if the greyhounds don't nose, the country's economy grinds to a halt. The spectre of unemployment raises its head, and what follows unemployment? COMMUNISM.

Thinking things over, it seems to me that "they" should redesign this fine country's coat of arms. Something like greyhounds on a point in pursuit of a live animal, the whole device surrounded with a flowery and maggoty wreath.

True Blue Conservative

Thanks, guys, for publishing my wings regarding the greyhound matter on page 9 of your July issue. Please find a small contribution for your trouble enclosed. Since my last letter a power-typer got together so they were excited they should get a mention on the other end.

Sir,

After seeing your "Annual Lovest" Page it is obvious you are like the wish-wooly so-called liberals who have been increased about greyhounds being blooded on live cats and rodents. What are a few bunnies and old puppies beside all the pleasure that a fine sport like Dog Racing gives to so many people? They would probably only get eyes or die of worse anyway, so why not make some good use of them while you can?

A lot of decent citizens depend on the Dogs for their livelihood, so who are you to be a dog in the manger and enrage the movement? Probably you have never seen the thrilling sight of dogs racing under the lights or been enlightened by loving a pet.

You say you are against cruelty, so why censor this great sport?

Yours,

Doglover

## Dog of the Week

### Jesse, Joy of Man's Desiring

by Peter Spooner

Peter Spooner is the Sun-Herald's resident dog fencer and (so not a Spoonerian) a shoring out. This month we have selected him to dish out some of his important dogging facts and give us this week's fabled fenny (to his mother).

At the King Edward VII Dogs' House, Moore Park, all his kippers, including one dog, Jesse. It's safe for new on their hands last seen for most, die.

I don't think Jesse would understand why this must happen, it's hard enough for me, Jesse is very friendly, loves contact, let all the little children come into him and it's certainly no dog in the manger.

What happened to Jesse on his way to leading a frozen dog's life? How has he come to be locked in the death cell with little hope of release?

It's true he might be without a pedigree although his mother has always been on the winner, his father has only made one brief appearance — for Jesse's conception.

The beautiful girl who came for Jesse says that he is a real cross-breed "and although he is friendly, he needs to be a bit more obviously with a father who is no more than a dead, but on his magnanimity, Jesse's association with a pack of a dozen other dogs was proof of his loving life within.

Like most of the House's other canine guests, Jesse won't be the trouble on most occasions of dogs when he arrives. He had some barking during water law alone, and a debauching digestive condition which made him dry into just a loud and little fanny that now he's changed dog.

His previous keeper, an Italian veterinarian, couldn't handle Jesse and so washed his hands of a lovable companion. But rarely in the whole of this city there is one person who will take Jesse and his life. Can you help him? Perhaps there is another veterinarian who will be a shelter for Jesse?

If you can help then phone Leanne 31 0875. Unless some owner comes forward now, Jesse will soon be no more than a ghost of a memory.



Top-left: John the Bear, last Sunday Dog of the Week, was adopted by a Mr. Priest of Italian flight, but had to be sent down when he lost his head.



Dear QZ,

I come from out West and then suggest that even gray hounds but these stuff the dogs races with Cotton Wool when they want to loose a race. Every body knows they bleed them dogs with nibbles and rags. They pull the cats claws out. And they often pull the cats teeth out. Flipping would be to good for these buggers I say.

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S.M. Thedy M.D. Darwin  
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**JACK KERNOHAN**

THE BOOKMAN

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MANY, MANY MORE. PLEASE. 18 cents for the  
cass. Thanks.

30.

Please find enclosed a copy of 'The Herald' Official Journal of the Am. Labor  
Party (A.L.P.) for July, 1966.

The cheap little magazine has, on page 5 a poem which I consider extremely suitable  
for your paper. (I think it is meant to be serious.)

Yours faithfully,

F. VYNER-SMITH

## THOUGHTS ON CONSCRIPTION

# A BALLAD

Dedicated to parents wherever you may be in

Asia — Australia — New Zealand — U.S.A.

Reproduction of these verses in any publication is permissible.

God bless Arthur Cahwell,  
He's a man—Australia wide  
'Cause he's voting no conscription  
So our sons can stay alive.

A boy has died in Vietnam  
In a war that won't be won;  
A telegram's delivered—  
It could have been our son!

We're glad our First Battalion  
Arrived home safe and sound.  
We'll all vote no conscription—  
Put Vietnam out of bounds.

Australia—prond Australia  
You've shed your convict link.  
Must you now, by force of arms,  
Tell Vietnam how to think?

Our taxes could be better used  
To advance Australia fair,  
Build roads and harness rivers—  
Must our wealth lay Vietnam  
bare?

Deep in mud—on Flanders Field  
Our old Digs fought and died,  
As they voted no conscription  
So our sons would stay alive.

Are we the man we think we  
are?  
Do we hide behind our son?  
Should we volunteer for Viet-  
nam?  
Have the guts to face that  
gun?

Were we to be so worried  
For our son at twenty-one,  
As when our boy was one year  
old,  
There'd be no bloody gun.

Mothers of Australia! Please  
Don't excuse your son.  
Cast your vote for Cahwell—  
This battle must be won!

Courageous Arthur Cahwell!  
An assassin struck you down.  
Our ranks will never waver;  
We won't cower underground.

We'll tear down arch reaction,  
Our history says we must.  
We'll all vote no conscription  
Australians do have guts!

Today our world has shrivelled  
To ninety minutes flat.  
Astronauts cannot escape—  
For God's sake, think of that!

Please learn to live with neigh-  
bours.  
Before it is too late—  
An atom bomb explosion  
Does not discriminate.

Asia—prond Asian neighbours,  
You, too, have national pride.  
We'll rid ourselves of guilty  
men—  
We'll all live side by side.

Inserted by Domestic Rentals Pty. Ltd.





## Sharpiesville Massacre

John Romerell



...tails of the latest set of shoppie "articles" are productively serving east and south of our embattled city. Sydney mobs, in the quiet gloom of the press, in the age old stench of their rooms swathed in edwardian, victorian, and whatever quaint australiana they can possibly find cupient, are pondering letters from their melbourn acquaintances.

The letters have a suicidal tone, and they speak with the imminence of death. "It is Friday," they start, or Thursday, or Wednesday, sometimes even on *Sabbath* or Tuesday.

It's a Friday night and I fear for my life. I write on a page of the phone book in a phone booth where I have sought asylum. The streets are a redress itself. If I never get to write again, never get to live again, remember me to Sandy, Sharon and Joseph, yes, and Cecel, yourself. . . . The letter falls off with a spidery signature and a few ink stains. Even the stamp on the envelope is pearly, not upside down but somehow applied.

The shoppers, who have inspired such fearful sniggering tongues as rimmed that stamp, are a morose pack of bastards, naturally enough. They stand in 1988 little evolved from their counterparts of the turn of the century — the razor boys of some "push" or other — whose exploits were then lauded by that equally morose romanticist C. J. Dennis. Like Swift's yahoos, yes, or some other evil, they arrange Indians and sundays from shopkeepers' bins. From the program market area, from the dreary of urban street — to roam at large, their polished teeth glinting in the dark like the

Hidden in a host of environmental mores, they come, short haired and stripe marked, they come, microscopic and apparently harmless.

Hidden in their neat but characteristic (they all have pale 'em) dress are weapons—brassie clatters, like chains, some-off shot men and such.

Thus armed, the shoppers stand in the great tradition of the Australian fighting man. They pack and demolish anything from a head (the looking like a queen) to a taster (the looking like a woman) to a woman (the being there). Taxi drivers have gone under (lost trust and earnings) and even respectable men (if ever there were) for truck drivers have been severely beaten.

This last is itself amazing and been witness to the prowess of sharpies, since the truck drivers, notoriously mercurial, are seldom beaten by anything but the death of some unfortunate.

The sheep is strategically a simpleton, no matter how effective he may be. In still smelling sheep, is twisted lanes, he and his odds null over past glances, while waiting for a lone road to walk innocently by.

Performers, cycling endlessly past in their chuckling pairs, have done little to purge the city of its latest misadventure. Organizational problems, delays, last, last, etc. seem to hinder their arriving at any of the lightning-like battle scenes in time to do anything but minister and to moaning, moah. Oh yes, they check the dizzies for "notus elements" but, since the management has screened its patrons, this becomes rather pointless. Hence these visits are presumably made under the influence of go-go girls, or delicious, moist women.

Even this preference of law and order must now take other forms, because disco owners refuse to let police bring their bicycles inside and, in their turn, the police are reluctant to leave their subside unprotected.

It has occurred that while they mingle with the crowd rubbing shoulders in an attempt to unmask shoulder-boded shark infiltrators, certain enterprising sharks are outside stealing these most black bi-peds. Caps, too, are pilfered — along with stoneware, ceramic, brass and picture puffs.

Nowadays the spectacle of a shopkeeper actually inside a dense hail of discs is more rare than it once was. But more disturbing, though less rare, is the sight of him and his handmen in their morose numbers leaning against the outside walls or lampposts. The implied canine likeness is not merely alarming — they are working for YOU!

Like the good statistician, they have few words to say. These few, emitted in the form of vile threats against the person are all very picturesque, but equally very unprintable. Thus it is that this article must go without inferences or similar marks of journalistic authenticity.

However, that great champion of causes, the mellowed Truth, has recently concerned itself with this sociological phenomenon. Although shingles don't have tits, they are worth a few lines.

Wife, we've even had half-undulcote letters from sharpies, though only "some few" the role of Mercury being what it is. In the dulcet, unimaginative blink prose they list what they hate about mode long hair, the make up, effeminate dress and so on — all of which is better tolerated on the street as notion profiles, anti-conspicuousness, beach, even, about 1960s. AM. AM

That the fighting sheep is socially untamable is overlooked by this wondrous newspaper. Like the inspiring Grannish it purports to be, it looks beyond the sheep's barbarism, and sees the fact that he is boxed from all hellacious doles.

Playing on this mainstream theme of degraded social liberty, it infused with suitable pathos Geng's split capital in the story of an eldred mother whose daughter, saddened to destruction of the traditional shapies were suffering, pleaded with her mother to run a dance — "her shapies, only."

Everything had gone smoothly it seems, right down to a halt and the benevolent eye of some potential premises — a Latvian fascist organisation and their spineless headquarters.

Oh well, I've always liked my black shirts to have cropped heads and scowled faces. Flats, of course, must be eternally bigger than their bodies.

And now, from the angry ashes of the '56 rocker, our garden city melbournite is using a new form of foul play. Like any monster born out of his time he will sink soon to extinction — unless some unscrupulous splinter group, for its own purpose, helps him to survive. And what'd do a thing like that?

# OZ International Film

## Bewustschleige Zeitgeist (Sign of the Times)

**Wase Gernsey, 1965**  
All Moldenbergs (East Germany), an iron migrant from his risk but always a naive wife (Euse Tachin) in Mannheim, a natural spring forth in the forest. Here he begins a desperate search for a new partner.

All Moldenbergs (East Germany) (Machin, Detroit) looking and attempts the first symbolic rape. But the audience is continually checked off an early climax when Moldenbergs friend Euse is a Hombergian and contains a defect. Whereupon All returns to his hotel room where he receives his mother's world of soft living and hard drinking in the company of several other women.

He then introduces Moldenbergs to a Rite youth (Hans Kruger) and they set out a modest still of love (and violence) in the forest. Young Gernsey (Werner Ruff) finds, exchanges shots of a Luthersburg for drinking from the canopy of the sky and music by Wagner (Ride of the Valkyries) into a powerful closing sequence. All's problems are left unresolved.

## Selad Days

**Czechoslovakia, 1963**  
This short allegory depicts employing arrested power of free in a Czech seaside at Wild Swan Service.

A willing banana has become infatuated with a small blooming peach that is symbolized by a rough paragon and a shadow of heretics. The other from show in essence except for the occasional snail grape. The banana's only ally is a fallen egg.

Tom M'Vine commented "In this movie director for Kaku holds up one self (and) as a mirror to Nature. Through the abstract prices of the spectacle gives flukes of old cinematographic brilliance."

In the final moving sequence the pale womanize their opposition when the paragon decides to leave the banana to his clinging peach. They dissolve to haughty the berries and get more shocked.

## Tundra Plunders (Rapiste Perversionnement de la Forêt)

**Canada, 1965**

This bilingual cinema movie remake of *Rose Marie* (as you) originates from the new school of Neorealism.

On the surface the plot deals incidentally with a Maureen who has Buckley's of getting his man. In the sublight are Free Man, a Yukon man, and his daughter, Rose Marie, a Klondike.

However, most of the film is preoccupied with an extreme interior monologue as Peter must (and the director's flashback to the days when he proved (the) needed the cinema attacked by the head of the pikachu (in stage plot).

But moviegoers readers through their forehead (the Jew-on) by under-age vapors (poured) through the pupils.

The story ends on a bitter note when the Maureen suddenly shows Peter, attacking him for a Negro. As he recoils from the mortal wound, Peter shows defiance to the world his human has words "Damn the money system!" (Merle in Klondike?)

## A Waste of Money

**Great Britain, 1961**

**DIRECTION:** Tony Richardson  
**SCRIPT:** Alan Ayckbourn

This is a film that attempts to suggest the state of mind of a Yorkshire lass who finds she has "a

little padding in the oven." For the first time the girl has to face a problem of adult consciousness (from Gernsey), for which she is in no way prepared.

Rita Tackingham is again cast in an ingenious role which roles as for a plain girl's guide of the North Country. She is a shift worker on a stock assembly line in a textile factory and her morals are soon discovered to be somewhat lax. After the town has returned on to her, her parents, a pair of aging character actors who have come north to avoid the consequences of repertory theatre (Wilfred Brundle and Irene Handl), become suspicious. The father is now a door-knock salesman and attempts to disprove the girl's bad dealings. However, the hero is already tragically married to the factory manager's sister.

The factory manager is indicted as a charge of corrupting the morals of a naive, Country-woman and Tackingham dies in childbirth. **Fans:**

## Mukherjee's Umbrella

**India, 1964**

The story of Surprised Ray's latest exploration of relationships continues in Indian youth (Roy Bhattacharya) who is surrounded of Bhupati (Kunda Shome), a lovely but Unapproachable maiden, when he passes her village to ride up a civil service post. Because he is of high caste that love must remain hidden.

When he takes refuge from the monstrous man in her hat, his umbrella is at once a symbol of his education and an oblique reference to the 18th century New Wave relationship between India and England. In an extension against the rules it is also symbolic of his impotence, especially with regard to the race problem.

Village: headman: Gopal (Prithvi Sengupta) suspects a human. When night falls he looms out of the village and comes into Bhupati's hat where the lovers stop embraced.

The youth attempts to ward it off with his sword (unsuccessfully), but is found dead and the film ends in the new delirious Bhupati.

With his usual enthusiasm, charm, action and passion, Ray has produced a film both predictable and demanding for foreign audiences. The use of symbolism will not put anybody by those who have seen his other experiments but some truly observed students of gesture.

## Sleeping Man

**U.S.A., 1966**

This world-screened pop movie, first of its type in America, has been widely considered the over-efficient attention of parents' Control.

The film concerns three hours in the life of a man asleep. Realizations of *Empire State Building* but since it has been shown in length, it is a very realistic theatrical film. The man (Kip) mysteriously struts or does not strut so he carries them in each setting (scene) of time. Audience response for failure to respond has proved the universality of the experience depicted and the close identification of an audience with the surreal state of the man.

It is somewhat unfortunate that the only strain of the film, a deft (in seconds) switch near the beginning of the second hour, has fallen on the censor's cutting room floor.

At New York showings of the completed version, audience development, in both theory and duration was somewhat small. In spite of the child-like nature of the experience, it is felt Festival audiences may be able to share something, though something vaguely less of the experience of the filmmaker's experience.

## Che Ode

**(China Shop Bullfighter)** **Malta, 1963**

The deep irony of *Buena Vista* who is determined to be a socialist but, we rather will never be more than a bull artist.

Laughed to tears by the writer's terrible (and) he goes down to Mexico City and jumps about the corrupt (and) with all the anarchy (and) via the ferver of this "mystery man."

Eventually he finds with his phallic adulator in the dance that they make a phallic (and) and quarrel. An attack by *Buena Vista* (and) may cause just in time for him to save his phallic, but he gains respect.

It is not only the Spanish sub-title and dubbed American voices that mark this film as a blossoming work. The very subtlety of both director and script, the subtle interplay in camera and picture work and the minimal *Buena Vista* contribute much. With its elements of tragedy, pathos and irony, this film will appeal to a wider audience than just the growing number of *Buena Vista* aficionados (and).



MUKHERJEE'S UMBRELLA

# Film Festival

## Jostin Zhenzheva (The Yellow Teal)

U.S.S.R., 1940

This is the story of a young boy's passion for a sister.

The traditional life of an Uzbekistan collective farm is disturbed by the arrival of Russians (yellow teeth).

Such themes cause a harvesting problem—an ideological conflict between old and new. This story theme is further dramatized by the use of a young Polytechnic dropout—Mira Sempai—in the embodiment of the love.

Using this external device as his backdrop, director E. Sempai has constructed a story which ranges across the breadth of Russian society, despite its scope.

Technically, the film is as the same class as *Pushkin's Paradise* and the short *Monday People*. 1959 *Memoirs* is, in that case also, by Shostakovich.

The film shows a strong ideological standpoint and might be best described as being as useful as it is attractive.

U.S.S.R. Sempai

(COLUMBIA BOOKS)

PRODUCTION: Sempai

PHOTOGRAPHY: L. Fabel

Peter and Pavlov

Czechoslovakia, 1963

This film, part of the *repertoire Prague*, is set in the Russian town where young Polytechnician Peter has come to set up a new employer.

Considered by its first players by night, having Peter now notice a young girl, Marie Pavlov. His eyes sparkle as Peter's hand play for her popular audience. They sleep together.

Twenty-eight days pass. Marie goes to Peter's construction camp to tell him some bad news. Everyone has gone. The camera pulls back to a poignant closing shot, then pans to an air-locked Czech line.

Bonal

Poland, 1963

This film, second in Wajda's *Trilogy*, tells the story of a Jewish boy, Anka, who faces a single act of resistance in the ruins of the ghetto.

We look, by chance, a new Jewish girl and together they meet the secret of Warsaw until he dies, heroically, tragically, inevitably.

"In his (Anka's) end Wajda meets the Youth, the Ghetto, the Uprising and Death—every element, in fact, of the Polish film." — *Chicago Tribune*

Courages, Be My Friend

Great Britain, 1968

This special occasion two Cockney guitar rockers (the Warner Brothers, David and Goliath) who both fall in love with Victoria Redgrave, a Carnaby streetmaker.

With all its scenic shooting, scenes from *My Friend Victor*, special scenes, hand-held camera, from frame, and slow motion the film is technically remarkable.

Victoria copes with both but she prevents them being good.

Finally, she decides to sleep with Goliath in his room, where they catch on together.

Victoria Redgrave, the Chelsea boy, shows strong undercurrents in this story collection." — *Chicago Tribune*

It is a slightly more polished performance than in her last film, *Gogol*—a young one for that. In fact, this film is to Victoria today what *John* or *Just* was to Miriam.



SEX AND A HALF

## Sex and a Half

Italy, 1966

An impotent Sicilian nobleman-film producer is living the decadent Roman "sweet life" but can never throw off nagging from about his latest film. He feels ashamed and unable to communicate with women—except one. This is the producer, Ave Nissa, played by Ettore Manni.

With her he begins their problems but can achieve only limited commercial release and rejects her finally as he enters the fantasy world his work creates around him.

"The hand-held camera pursues him through lonely, half-combusted scenes. Floating images of the best-loved cinematic actor back his seductive of *Herosine* proportions." — *Kenneth Robinson*

As dawn breaks on the film set, he drives away followed only by the poppyseed (pencil) photograph, anxious to connect him with his woman, played by Anna Dero. But, after the connection, life holds nothing more for him and the dream scene is played out in heavy modernist chiaroscuro in his family such. Struck with amnesia, he is given some relief by the arrival of his brother, now a priest, who is able to deliver the director's message. On this note of hope the film ends.

Dutch Dykes

Holland, 1966

The crossable walls of the windowless home reflectively in the trapped scenes of the *Janet* film, while clouds hold endlessly but immovably overhead.



## FANNY HILL

OR

## MEMOIRS OF A WOMAN OF PLEASURE by John Cleland

A limited edition of this most famous best-seller and book has been published in Australia. It's the complete and unexpurgated story of history's most notorious prostitute. Fanny Hill is based on *Asensio*, Federal Customs won't allow a copy of the book into the country. Secure your copy by filling out the coupon below.

## OBSCENITY

## BEST OF DE SADE

## SEXY ISSUE



(CONSENTING PARTIES)

*Obscenity* No. 2 has been banned in Victoria and Queensland and is being prosecuted by police in N.S.W. It contains extracts from other banned books. *Marguerite de la Roche*, *John*, *Kenneth Mann* and *Dequarant*; two pages about the fourteenth which remain of other banned books, and last many. There are a few copies of *Obscenity* No. 1 left as well.

Fill out the coupon below and mail it to: CLEVELAND PRESS, BOX 87, SYDNEY

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OZ, October, 1966 11





## THE BLUES

### —with Hamstring Saliva Thompson

Here are ten Blues from the master of the moaning 12-string, Hamstring Saliva Thompson. Five are old and five are new. They're all his own and they're all blue. The first five were recorded by the DEGREDA-TION label back in 1933.

Back in those rowhouse, poorhouse, carebread years Hamstring was living in his ante-bellum mansion outside Clarksdale, Mississippi. All the while he was storing up the living Blues from hundreds of negroes working on his cotton plantation. For surely, it is here in the Mississippi Delta — the fertile sandy loam that nurtured the wide-open groans of the other greats like John Lee Hooker and Muddy Waters — that Hamstring learnt the real Blues.

But Hamstring Saliva Thompson was different from them all in one major respect. He was white. It is Hamstring's greatest regret that he is still white.

Like all great men, Hamstring had a tough early life.

"During those depression years, while all me coloured friends were havin' it hard, I kep' havin' it easy merely 'cause I was white. That hurt me most of all."

Naturally Hamstring did his best to help his black brothers. He employed a few special friends on his plantation as overseers. Yes! Even through those lean, hungry years, Hamstring never lost an ounce of his 280 lbs.

Life was not without its problems as his songs tell us.

His bulk helped cause a hernia in July, 1932. This lucky accident has inspired some of his most moving songs, like "Ball Tearer" and "Drop Gut Blues".

The worst part was that he could not find a truss big

enough to fit him. Finally, in Galveston, Texas, he found a truss reputed to belong once to Blind Lemon Jefferson ("I Got Me a Truss").

Hamstring has bequeathed this truss to the American People after he passes on.

When ETHNIC TONK re-recorded Hamstring in 1962, his voice was better than ever. It was truttier and his guitar playing was "dirtier". To get that full, rich pain into his voice, Hamstring is flogged by his Base Flogger, LeRoi Syph.

Many have considered Hamstring's rhythmic expectorating a pretension. False! Such and deep is his emotion that saliva wells up thick and fast in his throat. This he expels in 4/4 time. This way, he supplies his own thrabbing, liquid rhythm.

On the 1962 date, Jerkin Welles plays electric spittain.

Listen to Hamstring the poet! Song after song — many improvised — bear witness to his wonderfully fertile imagination:

*I got me a truss  
Believe it's five miles long. (Repeat 3 times)  
Got your gut a truss  
'dfore your life go wrong.*

It's all there! The fire, the comical, the raw, earthy passion. Yes! Hamstring Saliva Thompson has had to fight hard to overcome obstacles that rarely worry most blues singers. Literacy, immense wealth, white skin and a hernia have not prevented him from carving his name in the pantheon of America's Folk-Blues artists.

—RON BLAIR

**SIDE ONE:** You Better Believe (That I'm White); Ball Tearer; I Got Me a Truss; Drop Gut Blues; See Here, Black Man.

**SIDE TWO:** My Ball Done Gone; Gettin' Testicky; Ballin' the Jack; It's a Shame (I'm Rich); Step Aside, Nigger.



R. J. D. TURNBULL (Senior Prefect), M. H. STEWART (Jagging Headmaster), H. E. HOLT

# The Harold Holt

WESLEY COLLEGE is one of Melbourne's most illustrious private schools, it has educated Australia's last two Prime Ministers.

In 1925 it celebrated its Diamond Jubilee and that was the year Harold Holt was the firm captain of V8.

On March 19, 400 Old Wesley Collegeans crowded into St. Kilda Town Hall in a roomed with a note of disappointment that the Jubilee Ode, by Alan Cross (O.W.), was to have been read but the length of some of the speeches made it impossible.

## AN ODE

(for the Diamond Jubilee of Wesley College)

STANLEY B:

Let it be praised our day at dawn  
When came the founders who desired  
A College 'mid the pines: soon  
The language changed, and Hall and lawn  
Replaced the wilderness of that mood,  
Fair was the growth from that good seed.

—Alan Cross (O.W.)

\*Old Minstrel

We looked to vote for Harold's name in the Jubilee cricket and tennis teams that took on the fathers: but was he to be named in the special dramatic entertainment provided Harold did not even play second fiddle in the Wesley College Orchestra's concert, which was the mainstay guest from Little Ties (Schubert) to Brass Bands (Werkli Smith).

In view of his later vocal accomplishments, we were surprised not to have had him lined amongst the cast of the Jubilee production of *The Headmaster*. However, running our eye down through the Dramatic Program, there was a bowser in order to find that the place part of Roberts Meyer (formerly known as Dicky, Senior Prefect of Carverton School) was played by none other than Reg Turnbull, a brilliant player of top-gangster since he was to become Wesley's senior prefect for two years in not so distant. How were the humble origins of

Tasmania's independent Senator, today's Doctor in the Upper House. (There was also a minor bonus in that the parts of two schoolboys played by Laurie Fryer, later headmaster of Sydney's Newington College, and Harold Payne, later the Tasmanian Commissioner for Revenue).

Harold Holt has become a Liberal Prime Minister. Dr Turnbull a renegade Tasmanian State Labor Treasurer and a national rebel. At Wesley they were constant pen-pals and Harold was always overbooked by the schoolboy all-rounder.

Both were born in 1909 but Reg went to Wesley two years before Harold. In 1916, his school number was 5,224, whereas Harold was 5,378. Turnbull was known throughout his school life and afterwards as 'Spot' but Harold never became distinguished with a nickname and was merely 'Holt', to distinguish him from Holt's ('Tubby Holt').

In 1921 both finished Preparatory School and were appointed 'Senior Boys'. Both made the cricket and tennis teams but it was Spot who ruled the season with ten goals in Harold's name. At the Sports Day, Spot was well placed in all the athletic events and distinguished himself by winning the Pettis Race, a particularly good event for a budding Tasmanian.

In 1922 they entered the Senior School together as boarders. They were in IVa, of which Harold was firm captain. Harold was in the under-15's cricket as a useful bowler, Spot was still taking well in the under-15's but from his second year, at the Annual Sports as there was no prize race in the senior school.

In 1923 Spot was absent from school for a year and from then on Harold was a firm ahead of his rival. His side notes for the school magazine read: 'In the Fourth Boat Race we came third out of four, but this was chiefly because two of our original crew found, on the morning of the race, that they could not row. Luckily a Harold side array of budding poets have appeared upon the horizon of the form-room.' By the time this appears in print the Admissions Hall will have resounded to our rendering of the 'Racing Eight'.

1925 was Harold dropped as Firm Captain of his new class, Vc. But in the next year he was made a prefect, so was Spot.

In 1930 Harold gained the Honours Sixth and retained his prefectship. But he was passed over in favour of Reg Turnbull when it came to choosing a head prefect. This was a bitter blow, aggravated by the fact that Spot was well in the year behind him.

Academically Harold was never too brilliant either and ended the Honours Fourth with third class honours in Latin—no small feat being considered on the stability of a long-time Federal Treasurer for his job—think also in Economics.

At cricket he was again a wily bowler and did useful things with his hat. Against Xavier it was conceded. Holt also played a good innings, but was often too helpful in the bowling. Again, Goring he was run out in the first innings but when he returned to the popping crease for his second 'Holt again shaped well, playing a good defensive game with a straight bat, and again attempted a perfectly executed run just when he was doing well.

At the swimming carnival Harold made very little splash, not even at the two freestyle events, 'making the Gonyea Pair' and 'Diving for Objects'. His skill at this last direction was presumably developed much later.

Turnbull was strike for the school eight and made the athletic team as champion.

Both turned out for the school football team, of which Spot was Vice-Captain. In an early match, Scotch, playing with great dash, were repeatedly stopped by our full-backs, Turnbull and Holt being both very steady and reliable. And this is a fair sample of the success each enjoyed at the hands of the 'Wesley College Chronicle' that season.

At the end of 1928, Wesley's great headmaster, Dr A. L. Adamson, returned from abroad. This is the 'Chancellor's' address:

'On Monday morning, 22nd November, Mr Adamson returned from his visit to the Old Country. A number of boys gathered on the pier at Port Melbourne as the Drift Line "Chancellor" was being berthed, and welcomed the Headmaster's appearance at the rail with cheer and College songs. As he descended the gangway purple and gold streamers flared to the air. Having driven slowly back to the College to allow all the boys time to get back, Mr Adamson was met by the



Reg Turnbull today



Mrs. Jones wants to know....

# Story

whole school

For Harold it was a cherished last memory of his schooldays before going up to Queen's College at Melbourne University. Turnbull stopped in for another year and a second tour of office as senior prefect before also going up to Queen's.

Harold graduated from Melbourne in 1936 and from there commenced his promisingly careful ascent to the dizzy heights of the Prime Ministership. In 1950 he entered Parliament, in 1956 the Ministry and in 1966 (long pause) the Prime Ministership.

By these standards Reg Turnbull never has been successful. His wife is no less a personality in her own right.

He entered Tasmanian State politics in 1946 and became Minister for Health two years later. In public he was a showman in Casuar a troublemaker. In 1955 a Board of Inquiry which was set up to investigate criticism he had made of his own Police Department and the Public Service Commissioner reported that he had acted intemperately but not maliciously in laying the charges.

In 1958 he became Treasurer and shocked the Church with a grandiose plan to match both a gambling scheme as a lucrative tourist attraction.

In 1958 he stood trial in the Criminal Court on a charge of bribery but was acquitted and resumed his office. But in 1959 he was asked to resign because of persistent unpopularity. He refused and the Governor had to dismiss him from office.

Moving resigned from the ALP he was swept back as an Independent and in 1961 he declared that certain members of parliament had committed breaches of the Constitution Act. Capitalising on this disclosure, he decided to run for the Senate. Characteristically his resignation from the Tasmanian Parliament was raised by Mr Turnbull from Launceston in Government House, Hobart, in the last evening of the last day that would permit him by law to contest the Senate.

He was the Senate election as an Independent and has remained there ever since. For a time he shared with the DLP the balance of power in that chamber but successfully voted with the Government.

What Harold's relations are with his old school must now only be conjectured.

While a majority of housewives have been bending to get their cotton-wool hands on to whatever brand of mangle the recent spurge of advertising advertisements has indicated to their democratic last boy, a minority of husbands, reared on and made wile by a healthy diet including BUTTER, have nourished a secret desire to get Mrs. Jones out of her misery and race her off.

If 2,350,000 Mr. Smiths were to race Mrs. Jones off, one they be ignored? Should Mrs. Jones be refuted? The quota system has no right to deny them. How they voted.

One out of every eight Australians wants to race Mrs. Jones off. This result, painstakingly extracted by the Give-us-the-olive-oil-weighs-you-the-question Research Project Pty. Ltd. from a selected nation-wide sample, proves that Mrs. Jones is a minority choice as bed spread. The non-voting eight alternatives were reminded that the selection of Mrs. Jones had been regulated by quotas brought in over 35 years ago as a war-time restriction and that in this period there had been a significant increase in the general health of the community, as well as a rise in the percentage of viable, poly-uninsured men. They were then asked: "In spite of the fact that Mrs. Jones lives on mangle, would you like to race her off?"

THE RESULT OF THE POLL, in spite of the fact that Mrs. Jones lives on mangle, I would like to race her off 14.3% I would not like to race her off 76.6% No opinion 9.1%

These figures indicate that a significant minority of Australians want to give Mrs. Jones the good oil. What is wrong? Does Mrs. Jones have B.Q.? Or, worse, amnesia? Is she eating the wrong bread spread?

In Sydney and Brisbane, people are more than 12-to-1 in favour of the opinion that Mrs. Jones' diet has made her hard-hearted, 4-to-1 on that she is fast-hearted and 100-to-1 that she is down-hearted. Eminent medical authorities all agree that it has certainly become harder to butter her up.

How deep is democracy? Our beds is only democracy deep. Too many Australian men are being forced by their wives to eat poly-uninsured sandalwood mangle. In this way they can never be viable and poly-uninsured and hence want to race Mrs. Jones off. This is unprecedented discrimination against an important group of primary producers — the idle-bed heads, who are faced with impending ruin and a major lay-off. Mrs. Jones is not alone, there are over 3,000,000 frustrated wives in this country. That may sound painful to the Government but it could well prove a decisive block of poly-uninsured beds.

Inserted in the interests of the continuing illegal profits of

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OZ, October, 1966 15

Two tough-looking fellows are outside on the porch. What are they up to — break and enter? Wait on. Might be police. Focus the eyes a bit. Yes, they're in shiny blue, pocket-books inflating the chest — all ready to get down the sordid details. These are no ordinary men. Both have done short courses in small-arms drill, first aid, Be Courteous to the Public, how to sit in a sidcar correctly. They're at the door and it's half past one in the morning. The party inside is going off like a bomb.



## POLICEMAN'S KNOCK

### KILLARA:

She opens the door. The noise is deafening. She is beautiful. She has just stepped out of a wedding ring. Her Ma'am, it glistens in the moon her glass. A young fellow, must be the husband, is holding her upright. Her mouth a few quid. You can tell by the rail.

'Slow ease of you to drop in, Inspector,' he says grandly. He takes off his party mask showing lively white teeth.

The line — in a split second, has the noise

cranked up, none of the guests are in fancy rig playing games, a sort of outpasse game. This looks like home sweet, too is one of the other guests.

This is a liberal area, disorganizing, full of top people. Nothing disorderly here. 'We just happened to be passing,' says one. 'Everything going well? Fine. You might just favor the make a bit. Kopye your silver. Yes, it does look a bit like the safe. Goodnight, sir.'

### WOOLLOOMOOLOO:

The mob is out in the yard with the bag under the notary. They're a bit tight and coughing each other playfully with back copies of 'Tribune' as they sing solemn songs of ventresque.

But the best. He had a good day at Rensick so now he's turning it on. He's a big bear. Must have been in Cyprus but he's played Rugby League. Gets their class' with it. He's lucky. Times are hard. His name on the wharves call him Bush. Hearing the bell he sags up the hall in blue nightgown — another tunic on his left arm. Best chance they've got to represent the League made. Not at this hour, the bastards must be mad. Might be the coppers. He peers through the letter-slot, then opens the door.

His cobbers rally up the hall behind him. One is passing on his house. Another has an alibi. He's a good nature. Could be a chicken line here. At any moment sound of breaking glass. Best leave against the door. Killy a big fellow against two.

'Just thought I'd mention it,' says the warden. 'This is good public relations. There's been a complaint lodged with us. One's got produced a sick box, even the road. You possibly know but says the car's sleep. You know how it is with most people. Just lost it down a bit and I think it'll be all right. No car when we're on duty, thanks.'

### SURRY HILLS:

Some of the lights go off. The door opens. Silence inside. There's that bearded fellow facing them. Beaverville type. Look at the long hair, the jeans. Bare foot. Probably a drug addict. The Law draws itself up in inch, uttering Agents of the State. Neighbors out. They sniff the air for tell-tale odors. You can't fool those noses. They've been trained. The glass seems to be full of vapours. Intriguing.

They snap in over a smudge of claret, glasses shatter. Someone rushes off to find that booklet of the Museum, What To Do in Case Of Arson.

'We don't want gunshots here,' says more gentle host, bargaining confidentially.

'Smart shot, sir?' They know the type. 'We'll look around, thanks.'

They peer into the darkness. There are plunk bottles on the mattress. On the floor a few flaky gaffe magazines, some pale pot, a guitar. This lot is up to no good. Name? Cheapskate? Will what was your last job? Where are the bedrooms? With some due place anyway? Someone quotes the Geneva Convention. 'Trying to start something? You know what's good for you, just shut up.' Someone else gives them that bit about being innocent before proved guilty ignored.

The three-storey takes a turn around the room. Each time, the keeps an eye out for explosives. He flares on the big wall appears. 'Whatever going to do with the women?' He's sharp, he knows a thing about Art. 'Whatever going to do with the women?'

—DOUGLAS TERRY

### FOGPHILES:

The newest work by THE FOGS now available. Baroque 'Now That It's Over' and abandoned 'Hey Miss Thompson' on Leedon. THE FOGS available for selected functions but book early (Peter Best, 82-8885) to avoid disappointment. THE FOGS are Australia's most exciting new group.



## NOBLESSE OBLIGE

One of Sydney's best-known hush phobers has graduated. Whereas once he used to oblige the hipsters for \$20 ea succa, he has found a wealthier clientele prepared to pay four times as much for the same emment. High society's phobage has proved rewarding in other ways, too. The cops are longer holt him up so often, empty his wallet and send him on his way. Well, not just common ceastables, anyway.



## NOTHING IS HAPPENING

From the Saturday Evening Post 30/7/66

**BOB DYLAN:** Albert, it's so good in those erases. I would rather forget about those arenas and play theatres. I mean, I would much rather have a good show. Are we going to play arenas in Australia? **MANAGER GROSSMAN:** We have to. We haven't any choice, Behdy. There aren't enough big concert halls or theatres there. The country is underdeveloped.



The tois at Catholic kindergarten while away the hours learning material provided by the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine. For the five-year-olds there is a four-page colouring booklet. Each page into the child a chose and there are special instructions for the parents:

"The first page shows Christ on the Cross and He has to be coloured in. For Our Father: 'Show this picture to your children and tell them how Our Lord died for us, so that we could more happily live. Bring out how much God loved them to send His own Son to die for them. Do not dwell too much on their Lord's sufferings, giving details of sweating, crawling, etc., but rather on the great love which led Him to suffer in this way. Remind them to love the crucifix and say, 'Jesus, I love You!'."

The next page is brown and the child is asked to make a big cross and coloured pencil. For the Father: "Sometimes at night prayers let your children think if they did anything they knew God their Father did not want them to do, then let them tell Him they are sorry. Dear God, I am sorry. Please help me to be good. Always have the proper help following the little act of sorrow and impress on them that God will always give them all the help they need."

Christ with halo rises in victory on page three. He has to be coloured in. "Put lovely coloured rays coming out from Our Lord." For the Father: "Tell your children about Our Lord's resurrection, bringing out how wonderful it was, and something only God could do. Jesus died to save us then rose again on the third day. Jesus is now in heaven, and He is present as the Sacred Sacrament in our Churches where we can go to visit Him."

The last page shows some flowers and a notes of dots which the child has to link up to make a picture of a chicken breaking out of its egg. Below are two lines of words with the words:

When I see Easter eggs in grey.  
I think of Resurrection Day.  
When Jesus now is life again  
May He bring life to us again."

For the Father: "Tell the children that we have Easter eggs in colour as of Our Lord's Resurrection. A tiny chick breaks its way through the shell to new life and this makes us think of how Our Lord came out from the tomb on the first Resurrection Day. Teach them the little song and have them sing it with appropriate actions. Help them to complete the picture of the chick and find the hidden Easter eggs and colour them in."

## From The Pulpit

- The new Anglican primate is to be caged in Sydney.
- They have a cup of tea and a bikkie together and call it ecumenical.
- In my father's house are many manners. None of them rent-controlled.

## Flash!

### Record Breaking Attempt

Jesus is not in Argentina  
Latest reports put Him  
700 miles due east of  
Nova Scotia

## Later Flash!!

Hurricane Mary which  
left Ireland yesterday  
is now in mid-Atlantic.  
All pedestrians have  
been alerted.

### BLOOD SPORT

The Catholic Church is not alone in being alarmed by the widespread use of the Pill. It's got some of Sydney's wealthiest oenologists tees, too. Recently, one pragmatic lady found she could play one doctor off against another, and cut the \$170 fee down to \$100. With business this slow, boys, you're going to have time to change gloves between rounds.

### Any satirical, topical REVUE SCRIPTS

are wanted for Perth revue  
Good price for accepted material  
send MS. now to  
N Solomon, 89 Armadale Crescent  
Mt Lawley, Perth, W.A.

Serious fatigue can be very nasty  
Preventative therapy is available  
by regular dining at



3 Jersey Road Wollstone  
32 4815  
for reservations

# BARRY M'KENZIE



## BARRY M'KENZIE



# BARRY M'KENZIE

**BARRY M'KENZIE** A TIGHTLY KEPT SECRET...  
 HAVING BEEN IN LONDON AFTER A SERIES OF MISADVENTURES IN THE PAST, HE HAS RETURNED TO HIS HOME TOWN OF LONDON. BUT HE HAS NOT YET MET HIS OLD FRIENDS, AND HE IS NOT YET AWARE OF THE FACT THAT HE IS NOW THE MOST WANTED MAN IN THE CITY.



TO BE CONTINUED...

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PERMANENT RESIDENCE...

✱



TO BE CONTINUED...



STRIKE ME PINK... BLIMEY.  
HOW'S YER FATHER.. TOO MUCH  
FER TH' HUMAN MIND.. STARVE  
TH' FLAMING LIZARDS.. CRIPE'S..  
BONZER.. WHACKO TH' DIDDLE..  
YOU LITTLE BEAUT -  
AND A MULTITUDE OF OTHER  
SUPERLATIVES..

CHOMP!  
CHUMP  
CHOMP..

...LIKE  
EXTRA-GROUSE  
BURGERS!!

**BARRY  
MCKENZIE  
DEVOURS  
BINKIES  
BURGERS**